of the world's most fervid lovers, now dyed with the blood of its most renowned heroes.

Delhi Ridge, where the electric blue of the spread peacock's tail flashes among the sage greens of the cactus as the bird saunters stately home to later join in the peacocks' chorus, which after dusk rises clear and strong from the deserted halls of Metcalfe House.

Delhi Ridge, where the jackal boldly runs through the deserted mosque, to pause and survey the sunset from the doorway.

Delhi Ridge, where the cry of the *muezzin* rings loud and clear from the Mussalman section of the regimental camp there, faintly echoed across the waters from many a gem mosque in the city now hushed in twilight,

Delhi Ridge, where India's Bayard lived the last days of his charmed life, and died at thirty-five with hope and ambition still hot within him ; never, fortunate man, to know that dreariest pain of " a heart grown cold in vain." And from beneath

the Ridge
his image still guards the city he saved,
bidding us warm and renew our chilled hopes

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